

THE REPORTER

Published by the Student Publishing Company, a non-profit organization of students of the University of Toronto.

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TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1949

LIBERAL AIRLIFT

Readers of the *Globe and Mail* must have experienced a thrill of pride recently when they encountered the headline: "Canadians Beat Threat to Airlift." They probably finished reading the article with mixed feelings of perplexity and disgust however, for the "threat" transpired to be nothing more than "over-loaded landing strips"; and Canada's contribution, a "new, economical airport design." This is deplorable rubbish.

It is fortunate indeed that the governments of Australia and South Africa have not been content to restrict their contribution to the drawing board.

Canadians are not alone in asking why their Air Force is not being permitted to take part in this vital operation.

The excuses advanced by the government would not deceive an Eskimo. It is stated that Canada has not been asked to participate. This is perfectly understandable, since the United Kingdom does not even approach either herself or Canada with a possible refusal, which would merely provide Russia with ample ammunition for a renewed propaganda offensive. It is further said that Canada is "mediating" in the Berlin dispute, and as such must remain "neutral" yet she glibly sponsors the belligerent and far-reaching North Atlantic Pact. This seems to be a grotesque form of "neutrality."

If it is true that Canada is mediating, then the conspicuous failure of her efforts in this field demand that she withdraw and let some other country take over at the conference table—preferably a country without an Air Force.

COUNTING THE COST

The University of Toronto is the largest university in the British Empire in terms of enrollment. It seems to consider this counting to be proud of, even though at one time it does just qualify for the honor by including children taking music lessons at the Conservatory.

Is this really a matter of pride? What does the University gain by having 16,000 students, ranging from Occupational Therapy and Institutional Management through to Dentistry and Engineering herded together?

The gains, generally, follow along the lines of the economy effected by mass production. A professor can lecture to more than one faculty, and it is argued that if fewer professors are needed the very best can be provided. Meanwhile, would-be professors go to the United States with its myriad small colleges to get a chance at their profession.

Economy in building is a smaller point. But the fact that most Arts subjects have become "university subjects" has resulted in classes as many as 300, where little more can be done than "expose the student to education."

Perhaps it is considered that inclusion in the University causes a little philosophy to rub off on the students of the more professional faculties as they pass through. It is to be questioned, however, that engineers derive much more than entertainment from their contact with the faculty of arts.

As Toronto University strays farther and farther from the University tradition, one wonders if McMaster didn't have the right idea when it moved to Hamilton.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

E. B. Jolliffe told a downtown newspaper that he intended to drag the Hydro issue into the House. It seems a shame that he has not been able to get the co-operation of Mother Nature in the timing of his complaint.

The story goes that Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking of the recent bribery case in Britain, commented: "What a pity! If poor Clem Atlee had been alive this never would have happened!"

A first year Trotskyite at the Student Peace Council demanded the United Nations Organization as useless in preventing war, "as it is a tool of those who want war." Eliminate UNO, and you have the SPC and Trotskyites left. Looks hopeless, doesn't it?

Croft Chapter House used to be a chemistry lab, and the roof was specially built to allow fumes to escape. An arrangement which is probably still useful.

TOUCHE

By V. L. Nairn

Associated Press dispatches from Cleveland tell of a reporter and two editors of The Cleveland Plain Dealer who faked a divorce case, impersonated a man and a woman a very real divorce through a Cuyahoga court. The fact that the man and woman were not married apparently didn't enter into it.

This brings to mind another episode taken by a Toronto newspaperman that proved to be a very real expose of the Provincial Civil Service, of the middle thirties when depression reared its singular head across Canada and when Mitchell Hepburn, the Liberal, was Premier of Ontario.

For the benefit of the newspaperman's family (the reporter himself is now dead), his name will be withheld from this story. The individual was a Rhodes scholar, graduating from Cambridge in 1934取得。 He worked for the Toronto Star (which was then owned by the Canadian Press) as a reporter, was a brilliant writer and a notorious drunk—all at once.

In the year 1936, this fellow was—as the expression goes—hanging from a brittle reed financially, having been fired with a score of others from the laboratory wing of Toronto Star (which was then owned by the Canadian Press). He was able to find a job against the Act. "You see here, Mr. Trustee," our hero would explain, "You have been violating Section Such and Such, Sub-Section Such and Such of Such and Such Act for thirty-five years now. As a Provincial health inspector, Section Such and Such of Such and Such Act was he with these things that at one time he undertook—the story that goes to become a Provincial Statuary Inspector simply by arranging for

Nine times out of ten, the shocked

trustee would want to take immediate steps to right the wrong.

"But where," he would ask, "can we get these 'reckless'?"

"I'm sorry," the trustee would be

"I can't help you. My job is to see

that you get them, not where you get them."

"But," a particularly stubborn trustee would invariably protest, "this law is impossible to comply with."

"Well," the newspaperman would say, "I do know where you could get these things, but I certainly shouldn't tell you this."

After he had been coaxed long enough, he would finally consent to let them have the name of the lumbering firm. The Board would buy one of two dozen new out-houses which the trustee would collect the commission.

In Queen's Park it looked this way. For 35 years no school in the country had complied with this law. Suddenly out of a clear sky, hundreds of reports were sent to the Department of Education that new schools were being built. Out went the occasional protest would arise, condemning the Department for not keeping School trustees fully informed on Provincial law. All in all, the newspaperman is said to have sold approximately \$35,000 worth of out-houses to the schools over a period of approximately six months. Not bad at a twenty per cent commission. When finally caught, he could do nothing but plead that as a Provincial statutory inspector he was merely carrying out his duty.

In World War II this particular reporter was sent behind the lines in Germany. He was an agent of British Army Intelligence. No wonder we won the war.

THE MOCK TRIAL

By Rev. Charles Lanphier

(Adapted from a Radio Address)

SPEECHES about Cardinal Mindszenty, the so-called trial have been made by Catholics and Protestant religious leaders all over the world and by many other prominent men of different nations. I shall not attempt to repeat them.

I would like to add a little more from the standpoints of priest and Bishop of the Church. We have heard so fittingly described as the embodiment of Christian heroism. Of

many sources of information, I think none struck me with greater force and impressiveness than the sermon delivered February 6 before a large audience in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

That sermon, and the statement under-scored in fiery words and profoundly impressive language, is as applicable to every Canadian as it is to every person in the United States. The Cardinal, in plain simple language, spoke of what could be done, painted a hideously picture of what is happening and what will happen. Every single man, woman and child in our nation must face up to it. There is no time now for blindness, ignorance, aloofness, what confronts us, or wishful thinking.

One of the most remarkable features of Cardinal Mindszenty's life, for from the very hour he was taken away from his home, his flock, his aged mother, Cardinal Mindszenty became the victim of torturing and druggings that put him beyond

reach or realm of human help. It was he himself who said to

me when he was my honored guest less than two years ago, "My enemies can take from me no more than my life, and that has already been given."

It is the spiritual Cardinal Mindszenty in his martyrdom of mind and body that we can fortify by our prayers, that in the soul we may know that in another part of the world other men are holding God's torch of justice for Hungary's anguished peoples and the enslaved people of everywhere.

"While a whole world waged war and tragically talked of peace, I witnessed the suffering of men in a way unparalleled by any kind of savagery and madness called Communism. It was then I resolved to try to pour into the mind of every American a sense of great gratitude to God for our freedoms, our liberties, our opportunities, and instill within those minds a knowledge of the imminent dangers of atheistic Communism to America."

"You have all seen pictures of Cardinal Mindszenty in the newspapers. And all of you saw pictures of Cardinal Mindszenty when he was kindly, willingly for his torture in America. Can you fail to see here a man tortured and dragged—

even though the Communist press dares to print that he "denies

is no joke either. This also we know from bitter experience.

It has been pointed out rather reasonably that there is an appreciable difference between The Reporter's advertising revenues and its expenses. Naturally, surely that new inevitable occurrence with a new paper.

The first issues must lose money, but after that a little time can help the situation tremendously. We choose to take the breathing spell now because, frankly, we have no more money to lose.

We have not yet been paid. But we don't think we'll be forgotten. In any case, we guarantee that the first issue next fall will jog the weakest memory.

Until Next Fall

This is The Reporter's farewell issue for this year. Next fall it will be back on the campus, bedecked shaggy bolder than ever. And it will stay all year.

Why how out after only three issues? There are two main reasons.

First, it's no joke building up a staff half way through a year. We have found by bitter experience that 95 percent of the eligible students either drop out on the executive of half dozen clubs, or are gazing in horror at a mountainous pile of undone essays.

Second, building up advertising

duties? The Communists believe that the American public is still easy to fool, willing to be drugged into hating whatever leaves their own comforts, their own freedoms."

Spoke Cardinal Mindszenty.

In Ottawa at the Marian Conference,

two years ago, Cardinal Mindszenty was the focus of all eyes. We wondered how he got out of Hungary to come to Canada. We wondered whether he was going back, for everyone knew and sensed that if he did, he would be captured and tortured again. We wondered, for he had long ago determined that he was going to live, and if need be die, for, and among his people. He went back.

Cardinal Mindszenty, like Archbishop Stepinac, will go down in history as a martyr. Of that there is no doubt.

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Law Grad Tops Odds Wins "Cinch" Case

Osgoode Students Aid Frat Brother

Three weeks ago Lawyer George Ferguson, recent Osgoode graduate, won a spectacular murder case labelled impossible by most observers.

It had looked like a lead pipe cinch for the Crown. Vincent St. Lawrence had murdered George "Cowboy" Parker, at the Woodbine Racetrack early in the fall and that was that.

Hart St. Lawrence had seen by a witness running from Parker's body shortly after the time given for the murder? Was it money of value equal to that stolen from Parker's billfold found in the tomb-breaker of third party? Was it the money he had given St. Lawrence only a few hours after the murder? Part of the money was in American dollars, and Parker had been known to have American bills in his possession.

To make matters worse, it was under the direction of St. Lawrence that police found the empty billfold and the bullet weapon beside a nearby stable.

Ever since his early days at Law School, George Ferguson, like many students, had been determined to practice on his own. As he said in a recent interview, "It's all very well to have the security of a salaried job, but I like my own desk in my own office."

Finishing his training at Hartwood, in the spring, Ferguson waited only until September before nailing his shingle on the door of a downtown office.

From there he worked on jobs obtained through Don Jail "free lists" while working on civil cases to keep the wolf from the door. But he was particularly interested in criminal law.

He grabbed the crown's evidence, examined and analysed it; picked it apart and found an opening.

With the eager assistance of Osgoode Students Aird, Mitchell, and Kilgore he set up his case. He couldn't see concrete proof of guilt. (Continued on Page 8)

Which Way Success?**Three Roads Lead To Law
A Lawyer Points The Way**

A law course followed by Osgoode, an honor arts course followed by Osgoode, or just Osgoode? Which course makes the best lawyer?

In an interview last week Mr. F. Cawthorne, noted Toronto barrister, expressed the opinion that although training is important, the interest ability of the student is the basic cause for success or failure.

Generally speaking, an honor law course provided the best foundation for a future lawyer. However at present the most promising field—the one offering most opportunities—is taxation. For such work, graduates in Commerce and Finance would be best fitted.

Mr. Cawthorne expressed his own preference for graduates of the Philosophy and English. It seemed that although an honor law course provided the best general foundation, the honours arts graduate might find his contacts helpful in many specialized fields.

A law student had a stiff course, with little time for extra-curricular activities, but Lawyer Cawthorne did not think it would be possible to cut the course down. He maintained that the value of a lawyer must have depth and width.

Subjects like psychology and philosophy, now included in the honor law course, he considered essential. "Any lawyer who doesn't understand psychology might just as well quit." Such an understanding need not be obtained from a university course, but was obligatory whatever the source.

For the student of limited means, the shortest and therefore cheapest road to becoming a lawyer is to graduate from high school, apprentice himself to an office, and then

last year, exchanges of staff were arranged between the Department of English in the University of Michigan and with Western Reserve University in the Department of English.

College Choruses

By Harriet Ezra

SOCIAL . . . St. Hilda's Sophomore-Junior-Senior Dance and the Whitney Hall Ball are things of the past—but memories linger on. Twice a year on the occasion of a dance, comes a revolutionary relaxation of residence rules. It may be conceded that the regulations governing the use of the girl's dormitory, sitting-room, and other facilities at St. Hilda's, Camas dates; door opens going steady; door at 45 degree angle; engaged; door closed. There were some changes made at Whitney Hall this year. "Sitting out" was done in the corridors and the library.

CONFUSED? . . . Concerning the rigid rules of Loretto College, residences, Loretto had some mystifying things to say. One girl happily revealed, "Monday is the day we're allowed to 'sit out'—we're not allowed to go to bed." Another girl said she had been told that the girls were not allowed to go to bed at 11 P.M. She continued enthusiastically, "I feel wonderful on Tuesday. I'm just so full of energy and hours of sleep." A third girl was asked about "the closed night" regulation. "On Monday night the head girl of the house (she also keeps late and order at mealtime) sees that the lights are out and the girls get to sleep by 11 P.M." She continued enthusiastically, "I feel wonderful on Tuesday. I'm just so full of energy and hours of sleep." A fourth girl, slightly older than the first, was disappointed when the girls were not accustomed to the other rules of the house. With great elanour and insistence the Loretto girls earnestly maintained, "They're really very good."

CAPERING COEDS . . . A notice in the Varsity, a few weeks ago, caused quite a stir among some women, the first meeting of Group 2, Social Dancing, which would be postponed a week. The Varsity asked, "By the way, what's wrong with our women?" The answer is obvious. They can all dance.

THIRSTY? . . . Any similarity between St. Hilda's and Trinity's is purely coincidental. The Episkopan (only days away) is for the betterment—and entertainment—of those participating. People hand in little comments about one another and elected Father Episkopan, who summed up the contributions to an anxious gathering. At St. Hilda's, refreshments consist of coeks and eskimos. Trinity's set-up is slightly different. The affair is open to the entire college. It is very long, beer is served, and the Episkopan usually turns into a brawl.

Rugby Queen . . .**Just A Silver-Plated Baton
To Twirl For The Kiddies**

With a silver-plated baton over the fireplace and a book on baton-twirling in the fire, Marjorie Dun winds up three years in front of the Blue and White Band.

The baton is to be presented at the Band party next Monday—apparently they liked following Marjorie. The book, given to her by band-leader Bob Cringan three years ago, was one of the things that started it all.

Queen's Park**Livens Assembly
New Opposition**

When the new legislature at Queen's Park opened, the Progressive Conservative majority had been reduced to three, but that was a hopeful sign that there would be stronger opposition than before.

As the first real working week of the Assembly concluded, this hope had been realized to some extent. However, the Government still has an easy time of it. Even though the CCP are now the official opposition, they are certainly not keener or quicker than the Liberals were in the last Legislature, they still haven't a leader who is worthy of the name.

The CCP group on Opening day, and the Labor-Progressive group on the following day, put the Assembly to work by introducing a greater number of Private Member's Bills than have been heard in the Assembly for some time past.

One of the CCP bills was seconded by the youngest MLA to sit in the Assembly, last year's President of Upper Canada College, Mr. Reid Scott of Beaches. Scott seconded the "Fume Controls Act."

As yet, young Scott has said next to nothing in the Assembly, but everyone in the chamber wishes him well, and some are looking forward to seeing him well conduct himself in his first speech. If Scott's speaking ability matches his in the Provincial House as it used to be in University Mock Parliaments, the House should be in for a surprise.

The two Labor-Progressive members play a role of major importance, and at times are the only effective opposition. The priceless remark of Mr. MacLeod's in comparing Mr. Drew and Mr. Kennedy to "Arsene and Old Lace" is still reverberating around the corridors, and the Premier, the Freeholder, and "Tom" will confound his enemies by being always complimentary to them, and the Opposition groups are still not used to it. It should not, however, be thought that Mr. Kennedy is a simple farmer whose only claim to fame is that of disarming his opponents by his manner of speech.

The Premier is an experienced and able Parliamentarian and politician with a shrewd and sharp mind behind that ugly but likable exterior. He knows where he is going, and how he is going, and Government policies reflect this.

Before she came to Varsity, Marjorie had just one try at being a drum majorette. Her high school Globe Collegiate, decided to try out the idea as a for-it radical innovation. The reaction was favorable. It was so favorable that Marjorie was mobbed on the field, and Globe went back to a baton-less band.

It took some coaxing to persuade her to have a second try when she came to Toronto. She found herself fitted up with a uniform before she knew what was happening.

Somewhat, the SAC, which was looking for a stick artist, got hold of a photograph. Bob Cringan promptly came to Whitney Hall in search of Marjorie, all ready with a long talk. Marjorie said No.

The No made no difference to Bob. He provided book and uniform for show, and Marjorie had a drum majorette.

There were long practices at the Stadium with the band, and Whiny halls were roomy enough for extra practice. She even practised in her room. "But we still have a few lamps," says her room-mate, Audrey May, Argos' majorette, who shows off with a few pointers at the beginning.

In first year, Marjorie had nightmares about dropping the baton in the middle of a complicated maneuver. Then one day she did drop it, and found that the accident caused no loss of sang-froid at all.

"People were looking at her make her nervous!" "Not at all—I'm never nervous once the music starts. But before the game's bad," replied Marjorie.

This year, the blue band has had two majorettes at practices. Stelle McCord, P & HE, who is to take over Marjorie's baton this year, has been getting in training.

Except for the one over the fireplace, there are no batons in Marjorie Dunn's future. When she graduates this year, she would like to work in the Department of External Affairs.

Return Trip

The traveller was relating some of his adventures.

"On one occasion," he said, "I was on a ranch in Argentina, and quite unarmed when to my horror a wild steer charged me. There was a tree about thirty yards away; I dashed toward it and jumped for its lowest branch, about fifteen feet from the ground."

"Did you reach it?" asked a listener, as the traveller paused for breath.

"I missed it going up," he said, "but caught it coming down!"

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Varsity Downs Rivals Cops Coveted Classic

Saturday evening saw the presentation in Hart House of the 1948-49 Inter-Varsity Drama Festival with the Universities of McMaster, Western and Toronto participating.

In the lead-off position was the

McMaster University presentation

of Charles Caustey's "Benefit,"

a play dealing with the emotional con-

flict of an escaped lunatic who com-

mits murder in the vain attempt to

gain his lost love. The production

of this play was unfortunate,

since the combination of English

dialect and a set of most im-

plausible characters made it ex-

tremely difficult for the cast to give

an adequate interpretation.

The production was slow and

the cast itself more effective

portraying effectively the atmos-

phere of decayed gentility. But it

was a pity that the director transposed

the locale of the play from England

to Canada, since both he

and the cast were unable to sustain

the transport of the Jane Hinchliffe

set out as Mrs. Carroll, the landlady,

although she, in common with the

other members of the cast, showed

a tendency to be over "typed."

In contrast, "Overload" by Rob-

ertson Davies, as presented by the

University of Toronto, showed

the signs of excellent selection. Here

was a play full of rollicking good

humor and homespun philosophy,

built around the conflict between an

old farmer who longs for culture in

the form of a broadcast opera;

and his daughter, a middle-aged

spinster, who wants to see the

disposition of the proceeds of the

farmer's matured insurance poli-

cy. The set, depicting a Canadian

farmhouse kitchen, was realistic and

impressive, while the direction in

the capable hands of Donald Davis,

was sensitively handled with sure-

ness of touch. The acting was

superb, and Sheila Craig added to the value

of the overall production.

The University of Western Ontario's presentation of "The Coiner" by Bernard Duffy completed

the evening's program. This play

is set in Ireland during the

nineteenth century, and the use of

the Irish brogue is of implicit impor-

tance. Unfortunately, the cast

was unable to sustain the dialogue,

one member not even attempting it.

As with the production of "Over-

load," the leading role was

superbly and interestingly per-

formed by Eric House.

Eric House, as the son, gave quite an

adequate performance, but appeared

to lack that maturity in advance of

years, which activate service inevi-

tably thrusts upon a young man.

James Johnson as his fiancee,

while possessing the necessary vi-

vity of her role, yet did not make

the most of her part. The play was

played by Pat Orange, who

succeeded admirably in contrasting

her light-heartedness against the

heart-break of her husband while

the latter, unknown to her, was

the author of the mis-

sion. Douglas McIvor and John

Ruth were also featured.

On the whole, "Double Engage-

ment," while quite well performed,

would, I feel, make slightly better

reading.

In second position appeared

"Bonanza," the first-prize winning

play by Alan Dinsdale. In

honor of its deal of modest

success following the winning of a

radio quiz contest; and their sub-

sequent mortification upon finding

the award invalid.

This under, the circumstances

was anything but a funny ending.

And so, too, was it to the best over-

all production: Wally Meikle at

Tom McClellan in the University

of Western Ontario's "The Coiner"

the best actor;

Edith Greenberg as Ethel in the University

of Toronto's "Overload" the best actress.

As a whole the effort put into

all's set of plays was most creditable.

The actors themselves,

and the executives of the Inter-Varsity Drama

League, are to be commended for their production of University drama.

A J. S.

Varsity Downs Rivals Cops Coveted Classic

The authors refuse to admit that this musical comedy is based upon Campus life; they believe that Campus life is based upon musical comedy," wrote Ron Bryden and Keith MacMillan of their brain-child, *Saints Alive*.

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Edith Greenberg as Ethel in the University

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To complete the evening Miss

Mary Ashwell and Dr. G. Bagnall

gave an interesting and competent

adjustment. "Overload," as pre-

dicted, was to be the best over-

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A J. S.

Hand Reading A Tory Substitute?

By Hugh Shaw

Readers of this column may know that we have been the recipients of many, many inquiries concerning our political affiliations. The Champs Cat, for instance, similarly of a graduate student we know, liked hand-reading to good old fashioned economists—rather ruefully, we thought. Perhaps he took a searching look at his clammy little palm, and wrote a scintillant letter home, condemning his parents for not knowing any palmistry, and permitting him to go into the wrong course.

And then there is the dear old L.P.P. We really are deeply grateful for a delightful little feuille they circulated the other day. The resultant publicity was enormous, but while THE REPORTER's advertising rate is very low—it's really not as low as that yet!

Of course, we all know that the L.P.P. are politically alert—very commendable, this—but even the most hardened political economist must have shuddered convulsively at the smooth and deceptively naive manner in which they associated palmistry with politics. One feels they have attained the impossible in this respect. We do not have a copy of the leaflet to hand—it somehow got wet—but if my memory serves us palmistry was dubbed "The Tory substitute for social science." This is rather unlikely to be true, or at least, not something the average Canadian and Egyptian would be likely to believe. Tories were even a gleam in their daddy's eye. But then the L.P.P. are not very kind people.

Incidentally, one of the amusing things about this hand-reading business is the way in which people scoff at you in public, but the instant you are alone, out comes that hand, together with an earnest request to read it. Maybe there's a moral here, I'm not sure; but in any event, it has brought us back to palmistry again, which, after all, is what this column is about.

Last time, we said we would start with the Head Line. But since, with this issue, we are going into hibernation until next term, I feel it would be unwise to start this complicated subject unless we can follow it all the way through without such direcious interruptions as exams and the summer vacation to distract us. So I'm going to take that opportunity instead to further whet your appetites, and win more converts, by telling you a true and authenticated story. To me, it constitutes unanswerable proof of the validity of palmistry, when practiced by a professional.

It happened in 1898, when a celebrated private eye who was engaged under the pseudonym of Cheiro, was called upon to solve the War Office in Great Britain by certain officers with an ill-conceived notion of how their working hours should be spent. Presently, an Irish officer, Major Kitchener, asked to have his hand read. Major Kitchener at that time was an obscure Regular Army Officer, with every indication pointing to the fact he would retire as an equally obscure colonel in a dozen years, as had thousands of others before him. Cheiro, therefore, provoked considerable amusement when he told him that there was indisputable evidence to prove that he would have risen to fourteen years time to the very top of his profession, and that the following year he would have thrust upon him such responsibility as had never before been afforded any one man.

This of course is exactly what happened, for soon after the outbreak of war, Field Marshal Lord Kitchener was created Chief of Staff at the War Office.

Looking back, Cheiro admitted that he had no idea, then or subsequently, of the frightful nature of the "responsibility."

However, he did not stop at this point, but after enquiring whether Kitchener wanted to know all that was to be seen and receiving an affirmative answer, he told him that, two years after attaining this "responsibility," he would meet death by drowning. This pronouncement not naturally failed to provoke laughter, although Kitchener, ostensibly amused, pointed out that he was an Army man, hated the sea, had never yet been on the sea, and certainly never wanted to go on it.

Cheiro, however, was adamant, and Kitchener was so deeply moved that he was compelled to tell Cheiro that if at any time his forecast came true, he would send him a cigar.

Seventeen years passed; Kitchener achieved the highest rank in the Army, followed by his appointment to the Head of the War Office, and on a dark night at the very height of the war, went down with the cruiser on which he was crossing to France. And that same night a crest of Ireland, elaborately painted on glass and hung in Cheiro's dining room, inexplicably crashed to the ground and was shattered.

It was not until the following day that Cheiro remembered

Major Kitchener's promise, and realized that he had kept it.

One feels tempted to agree with Hamlet when he says:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

"Rough-hew them how we will."

Where's My Hat? —It's on Your Head!

Not long ago a Varsity student went to the University Library in search of the January, 1948 issue of an economics periodical.

Since he prefers, for obvious reasons, to remain anonymous, a pseudonym will be used: Scatterling.

Mr. Scatterling searched the stacks for his periodical for fully half an hour. At length he sought help from a librarian.

"I can't seem to find this anywhere. Has someone taken it out?"

The librarian leafed through piles of paper slips. "Oh, yes, a gentleman named Scatterling has it right now."

Mr. Scatterling searched for his book-gathering wits in time to mutter: "I see... perhaps... I'm sure I can get it from him."

The Rascal
After the weekend guest had departed, the hostess was tidying up. "There she exclaimed in disgust, "I knew that friend of yours wasn't to be trusted. I've just counted the towels and one of them is missing."

"Was it a good one?" asked hubby anxiously.

"The best we had!" It was the one with "Grand Palace Hotel"

woven in it.

Sympathized

A motorcycle cop stopped a car and pulled out his summons book. "I clocked you at 45, mister," he announced. "I sat in the back seat and clocked myself." "Just give me a ticket, officer." "Serves him right. I've told him for years he's a reckless, dangerous driver!" "Your wife?" queried the cop, and when the driver nodded glumly, he snapped the summons book shut and added, "Drive on, brother."

Once Worshipped But Ignored Now

The largest meteorite in Canada, obtained from Saskatchewan Indians in 1896, has been kept almost unnoticed in Victoria College for more than 30 years.

Students of other colleges might find it worth a trip over to the Victoria College grounds, but the slender splendour in the corridor of the second floor. A neatly-framed sign behind it will tell you most of the details you would want to know—its impressive weight of 385 pounds, and all the things that go to make it what it is.

Today it was venerated by the Indians as a god fallen from the sky, a god with somewhat obviously primitive instincts. They were always sure to make an offering to it before they set out to hunt or to fight.

Then again, their respect for it might spring from the fact that it was the Indians who had the pleasant habit of attracting lightning. But far from being glad to be rid of it when the paleface took it away, they missed it as some people miss an aching tooth. Moreover, its disappearance coincided with the disappearance of the buffalo from the plains.

So this fragment of a planet left its original landing place, it is easy to see, David McDougall dutifully carrying on his father's orders by removing the meteorite from its hill and sending it to Saskatchewan.

It found its way to Methodist Mission Room in Toronto and eventually into Victoria University.

Look hard at it and you will see the resemblance to a beech, which the Indians saw. Look harder, and you might see the faintest traces of where an undergraduate has stubbed out his cigarette. What price antiquity?

Honesty
If you had 200 umbrellas, and every rainy day, you found one missing, you would be inclined to say to yourself, "What's walls in and ask for one leaving a name and address, and when you have found it, let it go like mad."

An honest apparel shop in a big city which had been doing just such lending for about half a year as part of the store's service, offers an interesting answer. After six weeks, a census showed that 47 umbrellas were missing.

There's more at stake than boats and shoes," Goldring emphasized. "It's playing with fives—and warts."

It Happens All The Time But This Story Ends Happily

A few nights ago, at a Folk Concert at Convocation Hall, Merle Matsui danced with a Japanese dance group which contributed their services in conjunction with Buddhist Good Week. She got a warm reception.

Two years ago, Merle stepped off the train in Toronto's Union Station, with the first Japanese majoring group to leave Vancouver. Along with her friends she got a fair amount of friendly reception.

The first thing Merle had to do was find a room, and this she immediately set about trying to do. Wandering down McCaul Street, a "For Rent" sign in the window of a house caught her eye. She went to the house, knocked, "didn't say a word," and had a door shut in her face.

The young Japanese-Canadian continued walking down McCaul, still looking for a room. She noticed another sign in a window, approached, and had another door slammed in her face. Merle got the same "friendly" welcome from four Canadian homes on McCaul Street. After much walking and many discouraging experiences, she finally succeeded in finding a room.

Next, it was necessary to get a job. A sign up for help, outside the building, attracted the job-hunter to a machinery factory at Spadina and King. A friend was with Merle, and the two of them entered the factory. The girl there, however, stated their experience, and were surprised to hear the manager say the job was already filled. Why was the sign still up? They hadn't got around to taking it down.

The following day the "Help Wanted" sign was still up. Another young Japanese girl, a friend of Merle's, went into the factory to apply for a job and was told that the job was filled. The next day—and the next—different girls went in and were told the same story—"We just forgot to take the sign down."

The manager's pretense at an answer didn't ring true, as Merle put it, "It kind of hit me."

Fortunately, Merle's story has taken a turn for the better. In the last few years, many more Japanese have come to Toronto from Vancouver, and all along they have been receiving a warmer reception than in the first group's case. Merle believes that people's attitudes have changed as they have become more accustomed to seeing Japanese.

The ISS campaign will be held in the new year, and in this way it may be possible to cover costs. The funds have to cover shoes for Hungarian students, and a Bombay refugee hostel, as well as relief for French students.

"There's more at stake than boats and shoes," Goldring emphasized. "It's playing with fives—and warts."

The Department of University Extension instructs more than 10,000 people each year, and it is still growing. This year a new program for graduate engineers has been started, including a course in mathematics and another in administration.

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Letter Censured

(Continued from Page 4)

Liberals were the only party undefeated in the Mock Parliaments, and must remain that way at all costs," said Jack Hoolihan of the PC Club.

He added that the letter was unheeding of the House, and showed the depth to which the Parliament had fallen.

"The Mock Parliaments are a complete waste of 150 hours," he told the Reporter, "and this is the reason why the Progressive Conservative Club has taken only nominal part in the last two sessions."

Resolutions had not been decided by debate, he said, but by the enthusiasm of each party in packing the House.

Hoolihan introduced a motion for a committee "to improve or abolish" the Mock Parliament.

Law Grads

(Continued from Page 3)

After all, left Ferguson, Parker and St. Lawrence had been good friends. There had been no blood found on the accused, yet the body had been badly beaten, and furthermore the claim of the witness to have seen St. Lawrence running from the body was not too reasonable since it was at a distance of more than 200 feet.

With these arguments and some neat talking, Ferguson spent three days in court opposite Crown Prosecutor Gibson. As the case went on, a ray of hope began to show through for St. Lawrence.

The jury retired. Three hours later, they brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

St. Lawrence was a free man. Said Ferguson: "All I hope is that, with a break like this, he'll make good use of his life."

Now that the case is over, Ferguson is still worried. "I'm getting married in the spring," he said, "of further cooperation between the 'Then wholl do all the talking?'"

Ajax Coeds

(Continued from Page 1)

An interview with Ajax coeds wouldn't be complete without a word about the famous Skule sense of humor. "We like it," admitted Miss Gardner. "Come do and some don't tone down their humor. The engineers feel that if we can take their course, we can talk their language. That's usually forgotten and set as if we weren't there."

Taking everything into consideration, female engineering students agree that their two years at Ajax are worthwhile from their point of view and from the male students' side. After the first few months, the girls get a real feeling of belonging. "This is how easy it is to get along with men in profession which one jealousy excludes women. On the other hand, the engineers quickly lose their scepticism. They get used to the idea of women entering their field, and help them."

Whether they apply their specialist knowledge in later life or end up as an animated appendix to a dish towel, Ajax coeds will long remember the days out at Ajax when they were eight women surrounded by 1498 men.

Debating Team

(Continued from Page 1)

change of two factory workers, who are given their identical jobs on the opposite side of the Atlantic.

The ESU further sponsored the World Youth Conference in 1946, and any visiting student within its domain has only to present himself at a branch to be received of a friendly welcome and any practical assistance he may need. Office of the Canadian branch is at 109 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Present membership of 35,000 includes His Majesty the King, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, and Mr. and Mrs. Alfalfa Myra Hess, and President Roosevelt.

It is hoped that this meeting on March 25 will mark the beginning of a new era of international cooperation.

At the end of the day, Ferguson is still worried. "I'm getting married in the spring," he said, "of further cooperation between the 'Then wholl do all the talking?'"



Whatcha Know, Joe? Nitchevo, Harry! — While newsmen and arm-chair diplomats were trying unsuccessfully to arrange a meeting between President Truman and Marshal Stalin, it was no trick at all for Paris artist Jacek Karpowicz, Jacek, who views the present era of "phony peace" somewhat pessimistically, made his own Truman and Stalin from papier-mâché, then got them together for this striking portrait.

Parliament Mocks

(Continued from Page 1)

five days."

The annoyed Speaker dismissed this with a remark to the effect that "The Mock Parliament was not to be bogged down in details."

Frustrated, CCF leader Harvey May moved that the House be adjourned until the next day.

The Speaker called for a division, and interpreted the result as a tie, opinion the ayes have it.

"I demand that you ask for leave to leave,"

and ask for leave to leave a name,"

Up popped Stanley, collar steaming,

and demanded the roll call. "Sit down!" roared Speaker Brody.

At this point, Gord Milling, CCF House Leader, was given the first opportunity to present "the broad general principles" behind the government's bill.

Stanley rose, slowly this time. He put forward the Opposition's amendment to his principle of cheaper education. The house was in second reading, and there was doubt as to his intention.

"This amendment is out of order," ridiculed Hay. "It asks the Government to increase expenditure."

Joyfully Stanley shot back, "This House hasn't got a red cent to spend anyway."

None of the LPP, however, had yet entered the House. Shucking off his coat-tail, he tossed in a statement that he was against "opportunity for all that had money."

About this time Speaker Brody handed the Chair over to Jack Hoolihan. Proceedings were hurried into the vote on second reading. By the vote, the government had succeeded.

Brody wondered whether the Liberal Opposition had not been tricked into defeating the principle of cheaper education, or whether they had perhaps merely been trying to maintain their record of wins in the Mock Parliament.

From ten minutes of debate, clarification of the connection between party policies and Canadian foreign affairs was unobtainable.

L. B. Pearson is now back in Ottawa, resting up after a long speech to the Canadian Association of University Teachers, during which everyone emerged satisfied. How many more enlightened Liberal Club members are there than the students who were present at Hart House in the secret of the Liberal Club.

Fees Reduction

(Continued from Page 1)

French students

in Paris, a year ago, saw fees raised by \$3,000,000. In

view of this, Mr. Porter felt that since the taxpayer through provides the computers, and provides the sufficient metal equipment necessary for university, an appropriate reduction beyond 55 percent seemed unreasonable.

"Students have five months of holidays and the fees are not difficult to find now."

Of the 16,000 students at the University, a considerable proportion are not getting by. "We have no right," said Minister Porter, "to ask the taxpayer to more for those to make the best use of higher education. \$200,000 is set aside for those who haven't shown themselves able scholarships and bursaries."

Everyone would like to see the cost of university education go down, and agitation by students, when do not pay taxes, is natural, but practical considerations prevented the Province from advancing further aid to universities.

Treasure Hunt

Jane Graham is a young artist from Sydney in Australia who is over in Britain studying painting.

In her spare time she finds it exciting to travel about London and the English countryside hunting for bargains in old things.

She doesn't stop at high-class shops but goes to junk shops, stalls and markets in her search for eighteenth century treasures, and tells of some wonderful "finds" she has made in England.

"I'm fond" said Miss Graham, "of treasure-hunting."

Said President Stanley: "Isn't it obvious that high-ranking party men disclose more to party members than no outsiders?" Even Mr. Drew would derive further into the mysteries of his cocktail party platform to fellow-Conservatives that the general public is to blame.

Questioned on the meaning of "ministerial" he suggested the meaning of "fashionable." And further queries were turned away with "I can't understand your question. Would you repeat the last one please?"

Ottawa Report

(Continued from Page 3)

tidy position the next day by two back-bench Liberals who presented an amendment to the Drew motion, calling for the consent of the provinces to any amendment. The Social Credit group voted for both proposals, while the Conservatives voted for their own. The Liberals and CCF joined to vote against both proposals.

This session is far different from any session that has been held in Ottawa since 1935. Here, for the first time, is an Opposition which is really making the government sit up and take notice, and this is all for the good.

However, the remarkable feature of this session is the way in which George Drew has completely "run the whole show."

On Tuesday last, the CCF member for Cape Breton South, Clarence Gillis, summed up the whole session in the words, "Bring it on." Later, Mr. Gillis was disappointed that the government had permitted the leader of the opposition (Mr. Drew) to set the tone of the debate, completely ignoring anything that was in the speech from the throne and saying nothing in it. He decided that the issue in this house as far as he was concerned was going to be to dominate-provincial rights."

Mr. Gillis reportedly an ex-Conservative organizer himself, realized something which the government has not: that the Conservatives under Mr. Drew, have easily taken the initiative away from the Liberals and are forcing them onto ground which is perfectly suited to Mr. Drew's tastes: Provincial Rights.

must be nearly as rare as hens' teeth now," said Graham who boasts the auction rooms in inexpensive regions and hopes for the minor miracle of a genuine and beautiful find. She is no connoisseur, or dealer, and has no much experience.

Her interest is in design and she finds that old glass, silver and furniture are absorbing study. She considers glass particularly fascinating because, like most Australians, she had only seen rare and scattered examples pre-war. She has collected and set out that "some of the eighteenth century English glass is beyond compare for beauty of shape." But to avoid being taken in by fakers you have to know something about glass and as she truly observes, "it's a very intricate subject and it's terribly hard to be expert on it."

She was moved to great enthusiasm by a shop she found in a steep and narrow street in Bristol. "This shop," she said, "was a treasure-house of glass, and what we would not have been smitten by the famous glassblowers of the famous Victorian Glass Museum at South Kensington, Albert Hall, London.

Miss Graham, after dilating on the subject of the deep rich blue glass that was made famous in Bristol in the eighteenth century, left the lovely Georgian hotel, and took a portobello street in London—the Portobello Road. Here the junk shops scattered along its length turn out their contents on to the pavements every Saturday and "all down the sides of the road an endless string of people come up, looking for glass from rags of old clothing to Georgian silver."

There are strange characters amongst the vendors, who struggle to sell everything they have, from worthless and battered metalware to real finds of which they do not know the real value. It is in one of these old dealers that Jane Graham found the most amazing collection of miscellaneous glass.

From shelves hung with a hatchet of hideous modern and Victorian glass and chinaware she has a collection of glass ranging from an eighteenth century ale glass with a high solid foot to a goblet of the George IV coronation type. She has a wine glass with an air bubble enclosed in the solid glass of the stem, and other treasures of the same period, all bought for two or three shillings apiece because, to the unknown dealer, they were "just glasses."

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